
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JUNE, 1824.

MRS. FRANCES ELIZABETH KING.

THE subject of the following memoir was born at Lincoln, on the 25th of July, 1757. She was the daughter of Sir Francis Bernard, Bart.; who, about six months after her birth, was appointed Governor of the Colony of New Jersey, in North America, and upon his embarking with four young children for the place of his destination, she was left with her eldest sister, under the care of Mrs. Beresford, a lady of large fortune, and a near relation of her father's. Here were instilled into her young mind, those sound principles of religion, and active and succouring charity, which influenced her future life, and led her to co-operate with the rest of her family, when united with them, in affording every possible assistance to relieve the wants, and contribute to the comforts, of the poor. The memory of that endearing kindness which she herself experienced, at a very early period, proved a great incitement to that powerful protection which she, liberally, extended to the daughters of many of her friends, to whom her house was always a maternal home.

Upon her father's return from America, in 1770, she joined the rest of her family; and, under the hospitable mansion of her parents, she took her share in that benevolent attention to the wants of the surrounding poor, which was ever a prominent trait in the characters of the whole of Sir Francis Bernard's family.

In August 1782, Miss Bernard married the Rev. Richard King, Vicar of Steeple Morden, in Cambridgeshire; and afterwards Rector of Worthing in Shropshire. Here a new field

was opened for the exercise of her benevolent views; and in addition to the most unremitting attention to her children, she became, in an eminent degree, useful in those parishes over which her husband presided, by administering to the wants of the poor with activity, and unwearied energy; and more particularly by originating the establishment of schools for the instruction of poor children.

On the death of her husband, which took place at Steeple Morden, in 1810, Mrs. King fixed her residence at Gateshead, in the County of Durham, near her two married daughters; and, for upwards of ten years, distinguished herself by her deeds of charity and benevolence. She not only established a large Sunday-school, a Sick Fund, and a Clothing Society, but was unremitting in her superintendence of these institutions, and in visiting the poor at their own houses. These extensive charities were carried on in privacy, without departing from those retired habits which are best suited to the female character. Indeed her vigorous mind was of the most enlightened and comprehensive cast. Affectionate and indulgent, she, nevertheless knew how to be strict when necessary, and to enforce authority upon all occasions; possessing a disinterested and almost romantic generosity, she yet managed, with ability and scrupulous accuracy, all details of business. She devoted herself with a zealous heart to promote the great cause of religion and virtue, and yet she possessed a true liberality in allowing for the difference of opinion in others. A hospitable disposition, a temper the most unruffled, a graceful familiarity, and a lively conversation, increased the sphere of her influence, which was by no means lessened by her joining with cheerfulness in the innocent amusements of society.

The various engagements of an active life, instead of engrossing the whole mind of this meritorious individual, seemed only to give greater zest to her natural fondness for literature, that most rational and lasting of all pleasures. She had, likewise, a knowledge of drawing, was possessed of great musical talents, was mistress of the French language, and particularly skilful in all kinds of needle-work.

Mrs. King enjoyed an intimacy with many distinguished literary characters; among others, Mrs. Hannah More, to whom she looked up as the model of a true Christian; and it

was in imitation of so bright an example, that, notwithstanding her humble opinion of her own talents, she commenced authoress. In the outset of her literary career, Mrs. King furnished many of the papers in the "Reports for bettering the Condition of the Poor," published by her brother, Sir Thomas Bernard; and afterwards, in 1803, she published a "Tour in France," made during a residence of eight months at Paris; a work full of interesting observations, and inculcating the purest principles of religion and morality.

The success which attended her literary labours, induced her to publish many other highly useful popular works. In 1809, appeared "The beneficial Effects of the Christian Temper, on Domestic Happiness." This was followed, in 1811, by "Female Scripture Characters," a work which has gone through eight editions, and is most deservedly held in high estimation. In 1819, appeared "The Rector's Memorandum-Book," a tale; exemplifying the Christian character in domestic life. This was the earliest production of this eminent lady, and although published at so late a period of her useful life, was actually written when she was only in her eighteenth year. All these compositions are written in an easy, lively style; and one uniform design is apparent throughout—to do good by the application of Christian principles, in making mankind pious, virtuous, and benevolent; humble in prosperity, and contented and resigned under the pressure of misfortunes.

The profits arising from the literary labours of this exemplary female were invariably applied to charitable purposes: and she has expressly desired that all future emoluments, derived from the same source, may be expended in a similar manner.

She who instructed others, was now called upon to put her own precepts in practice, under the severe affliction of a very painful disease; which, after many months of acute suffering, brought her by slow steps to the grave. Her fortitude, patience, and resignation, while, for several weeks, she was unable to turn herself in bed, might be equalled, but certainly cannot be surpassed.

This highly-gifted individual breathed her last at Gateshead, Durham, on the 23d of December, 1821, in her 63d year; beloved, by all who knew her, for the many amiable qualities which distinguished her throughout a long and active life.

THE
CAMBERWELL DEJUENE A-LA-FOURCHETTE;
OR,
The Cit's Journal.

To the EDITOR of the LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SIR,

I BEG leave to send you a journal, which I picked up but last Saturday at the corner of Threadneedle-street. How it came there, I know not; but imagine it to have dropped from the pocket of some young merchant's clerk. It appears, from its style and sentiments, to be genuine; and as it gives a somewhat curious and characteristic account of a Cockney's rural Déjeuné, I presume that you will not object to its insertion. With respect to the Wiggin's family, by whom the *fête* described was given, and with one of whom our sentimental young cit, Richard Smith, (as I perceive he signs himself,) appears to have been desperately enamoured, I know not whether they be real or fictitious personages; at any rate, they seem to be respectable tradespeople, retired from business, and bent on enjoying, for the rest of their lives, the "*otium cum dignitate*" of the country. Camberwell therefore, you'll allow, is admirably adapted for such a purpose; nor is the name "*Philadelphia Cottage*," itself so much amiss, when you consider that it belongs to a family with such a pretty name as Wiggins.

I am, sir,

Your well-wisher,

A COLLECTOR OF CURIOSITIES.

9 o'clock. A.M.—Roused from a delightful dream of my intended Camberwell excursion, by the servant informing me that it was nine o'clock. Jumped up with a sigh, and broke my nose against the bed-post. Rang for hot water.—None ready: never is when you want it.—Razor as blunt as the handle of a carving-knife. *Mem*: this is always sure to be the case when one's in a hurry.—Dressed: put on a pair of new drab-pantaloon, red-waistcoat, and straw-hat.—Eyed

myself in the mirror.—Nose looked as red as beet-root. *Mem:* No trusting to old looking-glasses.

10 o'clock. A.M.—Thundering knock at the street-door. Jack Jones called to accompany me to Camberwell.—Both of us behind our time. *Quere:* What would master say to such want of punctuality? Walked at a brisk rate through the Borough.—Thought of Miss Adelgitha Amelia Wiggins, and the happiness of a country life. Jack laughed at (what he was pleased to call) my romance. *Mem:* Jack's a good fellow, but he has no more taste for the beauties of nature than a cow. Left the Borough to the right. Passed the Obelisk.—Majestic column. Stopped to look for the inscription: there was none. Came suddenly on some trees at Walworth. Saw a blue hill in the distance. Got a puff or two of country air.—How refreshing!!!

11 o'clock.—Continued our excursion. Came in sight of Camberwell.—Pleasant and picturesque village. Saw some green meadows and purling streams. Pointed them out to Jones, who said, that he would *rather* have one glass of *purl*, than all the streams in the kingdom.—No accounting for tastes. Passed three sheep and a donkey. Jones called them the Vicar of *Bray* and his flock: tolerably decent pun that. Hot dry weather; consequently covered all over with little brown spots of dust, like the nettle-rash. Reached Camberwell-grove.—Charming landscape!—Supposed to be the place where George Barnwell shot his uncle. Thought of his being hanged, and grew quite melancholy.

12 o'clock.—Reached Philadelphia-cottage. Mr. Mrs. and all the Misses Wiggins full dressed to receive us. Amelia, in particular, looked charming. *Mem:* she is certainly a sweet creature. Introduced to Sam. Snacks, the soap-dealer; a good fellow in his way, but quite a bear. Walked round the premises.—Saw a pig-stye with a lake in front. Fine statue in the middle, pouring water from his mouth by wholesale. Looked as if he had taken an emetic. Sam called him an Elgin marble. *Mem:* how can that be, when he is made of wood?

1 o'clock. P. M.—Summons to breakfast. Tent pitched on the lawn. Quite a splendid set-out. Bill of fare as follows. Fillet of veal and cabbage, pickled-pork and carrots, bubble-and-squeak and onions, poached-eggs and spinnage, sausages

and bacon, tea, coffee, porter, &c.; every thing, in short, in the first style of fashion. Had lots of fun. Old Wiggins told his favourite story of the King of France. Asked what was the matter with my nose?—Very rude question! I think. Wanted particularly to know whether I had sat upon it. Party all laughed. Can't say I saw the joke.

2 o'clock.—Rose from table and sauntered about the lawn. Beheld a hedge in the distance, with two innocent looking shepherds, eating bread and cheese beneath it.—Thought of the golden age, and Homer's eclogues. Met Miss Adelgitha Amelia Wiggins.—Came plump against her as she was leaning pensively by the garden-gate.—Walked together among the meadows. Plucked her a few poppies and primroses, and stuck some in my waistcoat button-hole. Crossed a rustic bridge formed of a single plank thrown over a purling stream. Looked into the water, and saw some little fishes wagging their little tails.—Happy innocents! After all, there is nothing like the country.

3 o'clock.—Returned to the lawn. Party preparing to dance. Obtained the honor of Amelia's hand, and stood up to the tune of "Off she goes." Poussetted in the open air.—How romantic! *Mem*: melancholy accident occurred just about this time.—The eldest Miss Wiggins, in swinging corners too near the lake, swung herself into it. Jones jumped in after her. Luckily, no harm done, water being only knee-deep. Company, however, much alarmed. Mrs. Wiggins in hysterics, old Wiggins in a rage, and Amelia, (interesting and heavy weight) fainting in my arms.

4 o'clock.—Dance resumed. Amelia changed partners—but this, of course, from etiquette.—Introduced me to an old fusby woman, Mrs. Smith, of Shoreditch. Pretended I had sprained my ankle, and took a solitary walk in the neighbourhood. Zephyrs cool and comfortable. Remembered my Adelgitha, and sighed. Determined, if an opportunity offered, to tell her "the story of my love, what charms, what spells," &c. &c. *Mem*: Othello did so, and why should I be above it? Met a shepherd and shepherdess.—Thought of Pope's Damon and Chloe. These, however, looked more like Dæmons than Damons. Asked them the name of the place, and they asked me in return for a pot of beer. Much surprized at their coarseness; but felt, notwithstanding, that there was nothing like the country.

5 o'clock.—Dance concluded. Company returned to the cottage. Old Wiggins showed us the lions. Pointed out his library, consisting of the Encyclopedia of Wit, Glasse's Cookery-book, and the last new novel of the Great Unknown. Took us to the jessamine-bower, where the young ladies drink tea. Showed us three statues of Venus: quite a bargain, only ten shillings each (clothes included.) One Venus without her head; evidently therefore an *antic*, as Jack Jones says. Saw a family picture in the drawing-room.—Astonishing likeness. Old W— in the dress of an Arcadian shepherd. Miss W— by his side feeding sheep. Fore-ground filled up with three fat cows and a milk-maid; distance bounded by a light blue sky; clouds, as Mrs. Wiggins assured us, being expensive articles.

6 o'clock.—Company separated for a ramble; sought out Amelia, and proposed a second walk. Turned with her into a sequestered lane. Lovely evening. Sun shining like a copper saucepan; birds singing, winds whispering, waters gurgling, hogs grunting, and nature herself melting the soul to softness. Overcome by the soothing influence of the hour. Called to mind the endearments of wedded bliss, charms of the country, moonlight strolls, and all that. Looked at Adelgitha, and sighed. Heart sunk like a man in a feather-bed. Felt all over, I know not how. Could stand it no longer, and was just going to pass the question, when a confounded Zephyr blew my hat off. In great doubt whether to pursue my subject, or, my hat. Point soon settled by Miss A—, running home in an agony of laughter. Half mad with vexation. Found my hat standing up to its chin in a ditch. Rushed back towards the cottage. Got my shins pricked by brambles, calf of my leg stung by nettles, shoe filled with gravel, and my eyes blinded by the sun. What a neat figure I must have cut!

7 o'clock.—Recrossed the rustic bridge. Rascally plank broke, and lodged me up to my middle in water. Bade adieu to the cottage. Saw Adelgitha laughing with Sam Snacks, in the Drawing-room. Am quite sure she was quizzing me. A pert silly giggling —, —but what can you expect from a woman? Walked in a huff down Camberwell-grove. Heavy rain came on. No shelter! No hackney-coach! No any thing, in short, but a pack of stupid looking hedges!

Wet through. Stood up under some trees. Worse and worse. The trees and the shower seemed to go partners in annoying me. Resumed my walk home. Roads sloppy, clayey, and up to the ankles in mud. So much for the country. Good Lord, how a man may be deceived!

8 o'clock.—Reached the bottom of the Grove. Met a suspicious looking clown with a crook, or bludgeon, in his hand. Held it over my head and bade me deliver my purse. Gave up ten sovereigns, five shillings in silver, and half-a-crown in halfpence. Fellow vanished with a grin. Fancy he must be of that hopeful stock, the Barnwells. So much for pastoral innocence and simplicity. Curse the poets. All humbugs together, not a pin to choose between them. Nothing like London.

9 o'clock.—Reached the Spotted Dog, Gracechurch-street. Ordered a glass of brandy and water. Wet through and through. Straw-hat soaked out of shape; coat, pantaloons, and Co. in the same sweet predicament. Thought of Adelgitha again, but forgot to sigh. Mentioned my precious day's work to a grave looking man in a bob-wig and green spectacles. The brute only laughed in my face. Astonishing how little true politeness there is in the world. Reached my lodgings: went to bed, dreamed of refractory hats, run-a-way women, shepherds, strangers in bob-wigs, and country—oh curse the country! The very mention of it makes me sick. Never catch me there again.

RICHARD SMITH.

LORD BYRON.

DURING his residence at Venice, the house of a shoemaker was destroyed by fire; and every article belonging to the poor man being lost, he was, with a large family, reduced to a most pitiable condition. The noble bard having ascertained the afflicting circumstances of this event, ordered a new and superior habitation to be immediately built for the sufferer; in addition to which he presented the unfortunate tradesman with a sum equal in value to the whole of his lost stock in trade and furniture.

A SECOND ESSAY

"ON THE PECULIAR SOURCES OF THE HAPPINESS OF WOMEN IN
CIVILIZED SOCIETY."

In those countries where the natives have not yet emerged from barbarism, and the light of religion and education has not had sufficient power to break through, and dispel the mists of superstition and ignorance in which they are enveloped, woman will, universally, be found the creature of suffering and toil. She is there considered as a being of an inferior order, calculated only to supply the wants and minister to the pleasures of the other sex, by whom she is treated in a manner the most arbitrary and despotic. In many a land, beneath the scorching sun of Africa, while the husband is pursuing his own amusements, the wife is compelled to toil and labour, in order to procure a subsistence for the family; and to provide refreshments for her lord on his return. They are, moreover, obliged to bear patiently the vicissitudes of the seasons, and, on all points, to render the most slavish deference to the wishes of him to whom they are united.—If we come nearer home, and glance at the condition of the female sex in Turkey, what a melancholy picture is even there presented to us! subject to confinement, and strangers to the sweets of domestic intercourse! Unfortunately educated solely to attract the eye, they are possessed of no mental resources with which to employ and cheer their solitude; they are regarded as beings, on whom the wayward disposition and ungovernable temper of their lords may be freely exercised, whose slightest faults are visited with the most brutal chastisement; and, too often, even their death is a circumstance for which the laws will never consider their tyrants amenable. It is delightful to turn from these unpleasant representations, and to look at the station held by women in our own, and other civilized countries.—Perfect liberty, the desire of which, nature has equally implanted in the breasts of all her children, is freely accorded to them; whilst the laws afford them ample protection from insult and ill treatment, and redress on those points wherein they are aggrieved. The amusements of life are open for their participation and enjoyment; and, with us,

the song and the dance would lose the chief of their attractions, if deprived of the exhilarating presence of lovely woman.

Females hold an elevated place in society, and are considered capable of being not merely the plaything, but the friend and the rational companions of man, from whom they claim due deference and respect; which is yielded with such cordiality, that he would be considered inadmissible in genteel society, who was publicly known to be capable of ill-treating a defenceless female. In respectable life, women, also, are exempted from manual labour, and are expected to direct the affairs of their own household, and to have a due share and control in the management of their own children.—These things may be considered *duties*, but they are also pleasures, the deprivation of which would be bitterly felt by most females, and the enjoyment of which, they owe entirely to the civilized condition of their own country.

From the advanced and improved state of female education, they are enabled freely to partake of the beauties of literature, and to taste the pleasures resulting from the acquisition of real and useful knowledge. Music and drawing, with many other accomplishments, tend to increase their attractions, and to enliven and agreeably diversify their hours of leisure. The power of doing good, the performance of which is ever accompanied by a secret and sincere pleasure, is, in civilized countries, freely granted to them, and ample scope thereby afforded for the exercise of their native gentleness and compassion; and though woman, in every quarter of the globe, as the traveller related, may be found willing and active in the cause of benevolence and humanity, it is only in lands like our own where she can have the freedom and the power to exert that influence in its fullest extent. It is indeed exhilarating to consider the many sources of happiness open to a female, who, from the existing state of society, has received the benefit of a judicious and enlarged education; such an one will never complain of the slow progress of time, even when alone. The stores of her own mind, her taste for reading, and her powers of observation will, at all times and seasons, constitute a never-failing comfort, which outward circumstances will be equally unable to overturn or destroy. Let it be, however, gratefully remembered, that, to the Christian religion, in a great manner, may be attributed the pre-

sent privileges and happiness of women; where that is professed, men cannot be ignorant, that all harsh and illiberal treatment towards the gentler sex, is inconsistent with those holy doctrines, and repugnant to those benevolent principles promulgated by the Redeemer of mankind.—Let it then be the never-failing aim of females to exert the influence they possess in the cause of virtue, to discountenance vice and immorality, and to fulfil the duties open to them with increased diligence and watchfulness, convinced that real and lasting happiness will never fail to be the reward of those who, conscientiously, discharge the duties they owe to themselves, to their families, and to society.

ELIZA CATHERINE H—

ELEGANT REPROOF.

LORD KELLY, celebrated in the last age for his love of music, was “not only witty in himself, but the cause of wit in others.” Mr. A— B—, a Scotch advocate, a man of considerable humour, accompanied by a great formality of manners, happened to be one of a convivial party, when his lordship was at the head of the table; after dinner, he was asked to sing, but absolutely refused to comply with the pressing solicitation of the company; at length Lord K— told him he should not *escape*; he must either sing a song, tell a story, or drink a pint bumper. Mr. B—, being an abstemious man, chose rather to tell a story than incur the forfeit. “One day,” said he, in his pompous manner, “a thief in the course of his rounds, saw the door of a church invitingly open; he walked in, thinking that even there he might lay hold of something useful; having secured the pulpit-cloth, he was retreating, when, lo! he found the door shut. After some consideration, he adopted the only means of escape left, namely, to let himself down by the bell-rope; the bell, of course, rang; the people were alarmed, and the thief was taken just as he reached the ground. When they were dragging him away, he looked up, and emphatically addressed the bell, *as I now address your lordship*, “Had it not been,” said he, “for your *long tongue* and your *empty head*, I had made my *escape*.”

SUSAN DE SERET *****,

OR AN INCIDENT AT THE FOOT OF THE GRAMPIANS, IN THE
AUTUMN OF 1822.

ALONG the base of the Grampians lie hills of minor note, the resort of game of various *genera*, which feed on the succulent and aromatic herbage which vegetates in wild exuberance on almost every part: here and there, indeed, the surface view is diversified by the dark brown heather, raising its fibrous sprigs, upon the tops of which the timid deer may sometimes be seen to browse. On the sides of these hills the aged Highlander tends a scanty and straggling flock of sheep and goats, while, in some dun nook of the dell beneath, his rough and hardy sons, with their associates, club round the reeking peat, and watch, with suspicious care, the "illicit" dribbling of the simmering still.

The salubrity of the air, the picturesque and often stupendous scenery, together with the abundance of wild fowl and other game here to be met with, have been, during the autumn months, attractions for the *ton tedium* of town life to indulge in the less sophisticated sports of this romantic country. Among the fashionables who visited these green vales and high hanging rocks, in the autumn of 1822, was the young and accomplished Henry B——; he was the nucleus, as it were, round which gathered the less distinguished visitors; cloyed by fulsome adulation, the "easy tax" almost constantly paid to high rank, he went out with his fowling-piece. Less intent on killing his game, than in viewing the freaks of nature, by which he was surrounded; he pursued his walk along a winding glen, on each side of which, the pendant craigs rose to a majestic height; the drooping branches of the birch, which grew in the interstices, nodded to the "midway air," while the limpid drops, oozing from the rock above, formed themselves into numberless rills, which meandered, in soft murmurs, down its rugged sides.—Emotions of the pleasurable kind, of which the youthful and benevolent are alone susceptible, arose in Henry's mind; he threw himself on the green sward, and gave way to his feelings; "Happy," said he, "thrice happy, simple inhabitants of these humble vales; far

from the giddy haunts of those deemed refined, ye taste not their gilded hollow pleasures; ye know nothing of the fastidious and enervating round of amusement called fashionable; each day, to you, unfolds the same artless scenes; and, finally, ye go down into a mature grave, without having once dreamt of the unreal wants of luxury!" As Henry mused, the sky, which before was of a pure cerulean, began to assume a dusky hue; dark and dense clouds appeared in commotion, and flocks of grouse fluttered in every direction for covert. Henry had but just time to reach a clay tenement, the habitation of a superior hind, when a storm of thunder and rain began, that seemed to threaten the frail edifice with desolation. He entered; and was invited, by an old man, to sit down on a wooden bench, and partake of some food, which was served up by a lovely young woman, who appeared to be the granddaughter of the aged hind. Soon as nature's artillery had ceased its awful rollings, Henry again set out, soothed by the sweet scene of content he had witnessed, and refreshed by the homely, though healthful, viands upon which he had fared.—"Come hither, ye brainsick lovers of *equality*, and see that there does not exist such a vast *inequality* between mean-born lowliness and high-bred pomp, in point of real enjoyment, as ye imagine;—but stay, ye have your grievances."—Henry was aroused from this political rhapsody by the sound of footsteps from behind, while a respectful *hem* gave him to understand he had got a companion.—"Where are you making for, may I ask?" said a grey-headed pedlar. "To B——," said Henry; "and pray, (continued he,) where have you, my venerable friend, found shelter from the storm? methinks these enfeebled limbs of yours are ill able to stand a campaign on such a day.—Why don't you stay at home, and enjoy that rest and composure, to which these venerable locks entitle you?"—"Home!" muttered the pedlar peevishly, "Yonder barn afforded me shelter."—"You would have found kind treatment in the house, I am certain," rejoined Henry. "That I know," said the Pedlar, "and for that reason I staid without—repeated kindnesses are to me painful." "Then," resumed Henry, "you know the worthy man, under whose roof we, unknowing to each other, crept for safety."—"I have known John Tute these many years," replied the Pedlar; "a kind-hearted man—"—"And his daughter?" said Henry. "Aye!"

rejoined the Pedlar, "she is innocent and beautiful. Heaven grant, that the lovely Susan may pass through this varying scene without once shedding the tear of sadness; but, alas! this is not often the lot of humanity." The affecting manner in which this remark fell from the lips of the Pedlar, awakened Henry's curiosity; he gazed at him; and thought that he could discover in his care-worn countenance the lines of sensibility and expression, marked by grief and suffering, long past.—To the scrutinizing eye and milky heart of Henry, each furrow told a tale of woe, and he became irresistibly impelled to learn his story. "Suffer me," said Henry, "to ease you of your burden: believe me, I shall feel exquisite pleasure in bearing it for you."—"Thank you," said the Pedlar, "I walk the easier for it; three-and-thirty years has my bent-back borne this little pack of ware; and I now can scarcely walk without it."—"Custom, thou great leveller!" exclaimed Henry, and pulling out of his pocket a flask of spirits, he pressed his companion to tell his tale and take a draught. The Pedlar knew the virtues of the liquor, and partook largely; its vivifying effects soon were manifest; he became more communicative. "My story," said he, "is short, but it is not entirely devoid of incident.—At an early age, I entered the army, and have fought for my country under the burning heat of a tropical sky, as well as in more moderate climes; it is singular, that, although I had often been in very hot battles, I never once was wounded in any one of them. I was disabled in the right hand, as you see, by the stroke of a cutlass, received whilst endeavouring to rescue a gentleman, whom I saw making a manly, though fruitless, resistance against two ruffians, who were attempting to rob him, at the entrance of one of those obscure lanes, which run into the Rue St.*****, one night as I was returning to my quarters; in consequence of the wound, I became unable to draw a trigger, and I was therefore discharged; the wound not having been received in the service, I was deemed unworthy of a pension.

"Chagrin now took full possession of me, and I looked upon all mankind with a jaundiced eye. For a while, I separated myself from man.—I found I could not do this long; solitude was dreadful to me; and with what money I could raise, I purchased the pack you now see on my shoulders, and

again I mingled with men. A remembrance of former scenes sometimes rises in my mind, and overwhelms me with grief. But the sensation is momentary; and, on the whole, I experience considerable happiness.—I am now taught to think very differently from what I did at my outset in life; I find that happiness, the aim of every man, is not to be found only in greatness, and I sometimes laugh at the idle fuss which is made about honour and preferment."

Henry's benevolent heart was touched at the Pedlar's recital. "Worthy soul!" exclaimed he, addressing himself to the old man,—"*I deem you worthy of a pension*; you shall go with me, and your evening sun shall set in serenity." The Pedlar stared at Henry; he was unused to such words, he could hardly comprehend their meaning. "You are a good young man," said he, "and I think that, save Susan de Seret *****, I never ——" "De Seret *****!" cried Henry with ardour, "who,—where? Is she the lovely creature whom I saw at the cottage?"—"The same," replied the Pedlar. "And why call her de Seret *****?" said Henry, with still greater emotion—"is she not Tute's daughter?"—"Nay, truly," said the Pedlar, "she is a foundling, which he picked up one cold December morning, some thirteen years ago; she was then a pretty babe, four years old."—"Oh! my good G—d!" said Henry with reverence, "she is my sister!—it must be so, else why that palpitation of heart, when my eyes met her's?—a sort of kindred feeling towards her intuitively affected me, the moment I saw her.—Stay there, I charge you," continued Henry, "nor once leave the road we have walked together, till I return." Henry bounded from the Pedlar, and was at Tute's in a twinkling.

(*To be continued.*)

MRS. FRANCES SHERIDAN.

This lady, who had the honour of giving birth to that eloquent orator and able dramatist, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was also distinguished for her literary attainments. Her first literary performance was a pamphlet, during the time in which Mr. Sheridan was engaged in a theatrical dispute with the public in Dublin. The pamphlet being well written, and rendering Mr. Sheridan an essential service, he became anxious to know to whom he was indebted for so able a defence: after some inquiries he found this out, got introduced to the lady, and soon afterwards married her.

THE BARRISTER'S TALE.

Giovanni in the Country.

(Continued from page 253.)

“MAJOR LUSCOMBE took a fancy to a very pretty cottage which Mr. De Winton's agent had fitted for the reception of a gentleman's family: it had originally been a porter's lodge to the Manor House; but was rendered useless for that purpose on account of the enclosure of the old road, and the opening of a new one. This habitation was now untenanted; and though it was in the park, and nobody thought that the Squire could be induced to let it, during his residence at the Hall, he complied with the Major's wishes, and, contrary to his usual practice, paid great attention to the invalid stranger; who, having very lately returned from India, had neither connections nor acquaintance in this part of the world. Ill health prevented Major Luscombe from cultivating the friendship of the neighbouring gentry; and his retired mode of life, perhaps, rendering him more acceptable to Mr. De Winton, a close intimacy took place between them, which seemed to produce very beneficial effects to both parties.

“When I first saw the India gentleman alight from his carriage at the Dragon, I thought he was an old man, not long for this world, and his bilious complexion, emaciated frame, and sunken eyes, deceived every body respecting his age. As he gradually recovered his health, his natural good looks returned, together with a youthful appearance which perfectly astonished me; five-and-thirty seemed the outside of his age; and though his skin was darkened by a long residence in a hot climate, I thought he was as handsome and noble a looking gentleman as I had ever seen.

“The country gossips soon began to talk of a match between him and Miss Agnes; they were almost always together, riding or walking; but nothing being known respecting the Major's family, it was decided that he would meet with opposition from the Squire. Mr. De Winton was now well stricken in years, and could not be expected, from the common course of nature, to live long; but, old as he was, his death was precipitated by a shocking occurrence which happened in his family.

Mr. William, his grandson, a student at the University of Oxford, was at home, spending the long vacation, and people observed, or fancied they observed, a coolness between him and the Major, which boded no good to his hopes of Miss Agnes. One of the keepers had seen them, at a distance, using violent gesticulations to each other, and their voices so loudly raised, that a few words reached his ears; they desisted on observing him; but whether they were in joke or earnest, he could not tell: his limited understanding made him incline to the latter opinion; and this very man, a few mornings afterwards, passing very early through an unfrequented copse, which skirted the grounds belonging to the Major's cottage, found the body of Mr. William De Winton, lifeless, and pierced with several wounds; the horror and confusion which this circumstance occasioned, may be imagined, but both were increased a hundred fold by a discovery which it produced. —In conveying the corpse to the Manor House, a letter dropped from the coat pocket of the deceased; the servant, who picked it up, had the curiosity to read it: it was from Major Luscombe, written, it should seem, for the purpose of revealing a relationship which had never been suspected. The Indian officer, so beloved and caressed by the De Winton family, avowed himself to be Gerald Harvey, the son of the discarded Julia. Bursting with the news, the fellow rushed into his master's bed chamber; Mr. De Winton had been so ill all night, as to require the attendance of his grand-daughter, and had just sunk into a slumber which permitted her to leave his bed side. Regardless of his situation, and eager to tell all he knew, and all he thought, the groom awoke the poor old gentleman with the fatal intelligence of his grandson's murder, and the identity of the hated Gerald Harvey with his valued friend. The shock seemed to inspire the unhappy man with supernatural strength; he dressed himself, almost without assistance, and descended to the Hall, where the corpse was laid out: entering at one door, at the moment that Major Luscombe appeared at the other, his eyes flashed fire, his whole countenance became convulsed, and raising his clenched hands towards Heaven, he exclaimed, "There stands the murderer!" and dropped dead upon the floor.

"Every mouth was now opened in accusation; the Major's servants confessed that their master had been absent

from his house all night; the game-keeper deposed to the quarrel which he suspected had taken place in the park; and these circumstances told so much against the man denounced, in such a fearful manner, by Mr. De Winton's dying breath, that, on the arrival of the magistrate, he made no hesitation in committing him into close custody. Two inquests sate upon the bodies of the grandfather and the grandson; their verdict pronounced the former to have died by the visitation of God, and the evidence adduced on the latter seemed to justify the detention of Major Luscombe, who was immediately hurried off to the county jail. I sought, and obtained admission to the prison where the Major was confined; he welcomed me as the only friend he possessed in his native country. His assertion was too true—the object of universal hatred and execration, he was shunned by all, save lawyers, who expected to make money of his cause.

“Though, at first, I could scarcely believe that he was the identical Gerald Harvey, who had long been consigned, by public report, to Botany Bay, he soon convinced me that he was indeed the neglected grandson of Mr. De Winton; he produced the copies of the register of his baptism, and of his mother's marriage certificate, which I so well remembered, and related many circumstances which proved his assertion beyond a doubt. The story of his transportation was a base falsehood, or an error founded on an accidental resemblance. Early characterized by a proud and enterprising spirit, when he found himself condemned to the ignominy of a tailor's shop-board, he made the best of his way to London. Not a single incident in his mother's history had escaped his listening ears, and he also learned, from the beldames who made it the constant theme of their discourse, that she had nearly broken the heart of a Mr. Luscombe, by refusing to marry him; and who had in consequence of this disappointment, quitted his native place, and settled in the metropolis. Gerald's acuteness and assiduity discovered this gentleman's residence. Nor was his hope, that the tale of his unmerited distresses would raise the compassion of his mother's sincere lover, defeated—Mr. Luscombe was touched with his story, and finding the deserted boy intelligent, well educated, and altogether a lad who would do credit to his patronage, undertook to provide for him. The poor orphan could not have made a more fortunate application; his new

friend being an India Director, he procured a cadetship for him in a Dragoon Regiment immediately, and fitted him out for Bengal.

"I will pass over his adventures in the East, as they would interrupt the thread of my story: ill health obliged him to return, after sixteen years service, and he arrived in London just in time to close the eyes of his patron, who, never having married, made a will in his favour, on the condition that he should drop the name of Harvey, and assume that of Luscombe. All these circumstances the Major detailed to me with much condescension; he retained a lively recollection of my tenderness in his infancy; and he told me, that he commanded his feelings with infinite difficulty, when, on his return to his native village, he saw me still in the humble capacity of an ostler at the Dragon, and from that moment determined to advance my fortune. You will naturally feel curious to hear how he comported himself in prison. He seemed deeply affected with his situation, but his melancholy was unmingled with any sensation at all akin to fear, or guilt; indeed, he shewed a brave spirit, which was not to be cast down, or, daunted by misfortune; and to me he appeared to regret the death of young De Winton more deeply than any of the consequences which it had entailed upon himself. I visited him very often; the night before his trial he was perfectly calm, and collected, though his own lawyers did not seem to think much of his case. I heard one of them say, it would be much better for the Major, if he would be more open with them, and trust to their getting him off; they would find a flaw somewhere; but when the weak points of a cause were concealed, they were unable to take proper precautions. Alarmed at these symptoms of distrust, I could not help showing considerable agitation when I bade my friend, as I may now presume to call him, 'Good night.' He smiled, and grasping my hand, said, 'I am going to be tried by God, and my country, and I do not fear the result: were I at liberty, and occasion should offer, I would die in defence of those just laws, to which a train of unfortunate circumstances have rendered me obnoxious: should,' he continued with an unaltered countenance, 'an evil destiny prevail, I shall feel the disgrace and ignominy of my fate, as a man, and a soldier, but shall meet it as a Christian. Whatever may be the event of to-morrow, should your most painful anticipations be ful-

filled, console yourself, my good fellow, with the conviction, that I shall die innocent: these hands are not stained with the blood of my kinsman.' I was comforted by this assurance, for the clamours of the multitude had even made an impression upon my mind; and, at intervals, I could not help entertaining doubts, so strongly were the proofs of his guilt urged against him. Surely, in a Christian community, it is shocking to observe how little the mind is swayed by those divine precepts of charity, which are so incessantly inculcated by our holy religion; the pious, as well as the profane, those belonging to the Church of England, and the Sectaries, were unanimous in heaping guilt upon the head of Major Luscombe; the most shocking stories were related of his conduct in India; atrocities were imputed to him, which could be scarcely credible as the performances of a Pagan cannibal; every body, of a sudden, seemed thoroughly acquainted with his character and history, and suppositions were converted into facts, which the next narrator swelled, until each tale, gathering new incidents as it passed from mouth to mouth, was received as truth by the original inventor, who did not recognize the offspring of his own imagination, his hint, and surmise, in the well-connected recount of the prisoner's transgressions.

(To be continued.)

THE VEGETABLE FLY.

THIS curious insect is, in size and appearance, not much unlike the cockchafer; and is found in Dominica, and several other of the West-India islands. Like all other winged insects, it goes through the several gradations of grub, or caterpillar, and chrysalis.—Having passed its last transformation, and arrived at its perfect state, that of a fly, it provides for the propagation of its species. Having done this, it prepares for its dissolution. In this stage of its existence it is, that it is so remarkable, and differs so much from every other fly. It now buries itself in the ground, where it dies, and from its body springs up a small plant which resembles a young coffee-tree, only that its leaves are smaller; the plant is often overlooked, from the supposition people have of its being no other than a coffee-plant; but on examining it properly, the difference is easily discovered; the head, feet, and body of the insect, appearing at the foot, as when alive.

THE IRISH WEDDING;

OR,

The Heir of the Castle.

Not many years ago was standing in the province of Leinster, in Ireland, and at the distance of only a few miles from the city of Dublin, an ancient mansion, named Dunfinny-castle. At the opening of our tale, the Lord of Dunfinny, who had been its late possessor, had, some months, paid the debt of nature; he had been a venerable man in the vale of years, whose descent to the grave had been hastened by the sudden, and melancholy death of a beloved nephew.

This young man, whose name was Charles Herbert, had been for about a couple of years absent from his native country, on an excursion of pleasure, for the purpose of investigating the men and manners of foreign countries, when information reached his distracted uncle, that, in crossing the Alps, himself, his servants, and his guides, had been attacked, and murdered by banditti; and upon this sorrowing information the old Lord had sickened, and died.

Charles Herbert had been the only relative whom the deceased Lord had been conscious of possessing, and when the spirit of life had fled his clay, the lawyers, who did not doubt to obtain a handsome reward from whomsoever they could substantiate as the legal claimant to his entailed property, which consisted of the castle, and of about four hundred acres of land, set up many pretenders to the title, whose invalidity was quickly proved; and, after many weeks passed in vain attempts to find an heir, a son of the fifth cousin in the male line of descent was discovered.

This fortunate man was a grocer and tea-dealer in Eastcheap, his name Paul Pop, and his age fifty-five. He was a neat little man, of an honest heart, industrious habits, and kind manners; he was always behind his counter, and always cheerful and happy, whether scorched by the heat of August, or nipped by the cold of December.

His wife, who had been a Miss Windlewaff, the daughter of a common-council-man, an honour always on her tongue, was of a size and bulk which would have admitted of her putting her little Paul into her pocket, as we are informed that dames of old did their squirrels—a great woman, in

every sense of the word, she had gained the upper hand of her husband, and was, in fact, the ruler of the roast.—Their only child, Louisa, who was now in her eighteenth year, she had resolved should give her hand to the son of a cousin of her deceased father's, who bore her maiden name; and poor Pop, and his daughter, had only been peremptorily informed by her that such was to be the case, without the liberty of any appeal from her word being granted them; and, indeed, we cannot blame the lady for insisting on the execution of a matter, which it had cost her so much pains to bring about.

Mr. Wilkin Windlewaff, her cousin, was a young man of about twenty-four years of age, and a tolerably good person; his father had been a schemer in various branches of trade, from which, with the assistance of close plodding, and a good head, he had saved several thousands, which were now fluctuating in the purse of his son; and with the most presumptive chance of their all slipping gradually away from his fingers; for Wilkin, naturally of a romantic turn of mind, the pupil of a seminary where he had learnt a smattering of every thing, and gained a practical knowledge of nothing, and the constant observer of the success of his father's hazardous plans, had adopted the idea, that, with his superior education, every conceit of his brain, if put into effect, must turn to his advantage; and thus believing, he had become one of the wildest, and most chimerical of speculators.

It may be readily imagined that a man of this disposition did not direct many of his reflections towards the subject of courtship; while the notable Mrs. Pop saved him the trouble of thinking for himself in this particular; "Ah, cousin," she would say to him, "I see you are in love with my Louy; and you shall have her one of these days, when she is old enough; you will have my Louy for your wife, won't you, cousin?" To which question Wilkin had frequently replied, "Oh dear, aye, to be sure," probably without knowing to what he answered; and thus the business was concluded.

Louisa herself did not feel any partiality for Wilkin, who never paid her any attentions, nor ever treated her with the least respect; but she durst not openly dissent from her mother's choice, whilst she secretly wished, in the private recesses of her heart, that some more pleasant man would step in, as her cousin's rival.

In this state were the family affairs, when Paul Pop's accession of dignity and wealth was announced to him. Paul himself heard the intelligence with the greatest composure; and smiled at the whimsical freak which the wheel of fortune had taken, in transforming him into a Lord. Whilst Mrs. Pop, swelled like the frog in the fable, by the new honors which had poured in upon her, was almost tempted to believe that fortune had for once taken the bandage from her eyes, for the purpose of selecting the objects of her favor.

When the first flurry of their surprise had, in some degree, subsided, they were acquainted that it was necessary that his new lordship should immediately cross over into Ireland, and take possession of his estate, as the tenantry upon it were desirous of beholding him.

In cases like Mrs. Pop's, (we beg her pardon, Lady Dunfinny,) there are two opposite modes of displaying the meanness of pride; the one consisting in imposing our fancied greatness upon those who are ignorant of our origin; the other, in giving ourselves unmeaning airs amidst the little circle of our acquaintance, and *ci-devant* equals, above whom accident had raised us.—And her newly-created ladyship was so delighted by hearing her name sounded in her ears at home, that she resolved for the present not to quit England, but to send her husband and daughter upon a visit of investigation, and to engage them to return for her, when due prepararions had been made for her reception.

Accordingly, in a new second-hand chariot, which was purchased by a friend for his lordship; and to which four horses were harnessed for the first stage from Eastcheap, in order that his lordship's neighbours might see how genteelly he travelled, old Paul and his daughter set out upon their journey, attended by Tim Dash, their former shopman, on horseback; who, equipped in a party-coloured suit of green and gold, appeared as his Lordship's valet. Nor was Lonisa without her attendant any more than her father, although her's was of infinitely the superior order. Mr. Windlewaff, instigated to the undertaking by Lady Pop, had enlisted himself the companion of their expedition; he had never yet sallied beyond the limits of England, and he quitted London in high spirits, not doubting that his travels would open new fields for research to his mind, and present him with objects worthy the attention of his speculative genius.

Our party arrived safe at Holyhead, and embarked from thence on board a packet-boat for Dublin. Amidst the numerous passengers whom the vessel contained, was a young man of apparently about twenty-two years of age, of a handsome person, engaging manners, and a well-informed mind; his conversation was free, spirited, and elegant; and from many anecdotes which he related, he was judged by his voyaging companions to be lately returned from the continent—whilst deficient in politeness to no one, his principal attentions were paid to Louisa, and they were extended towards her with a tenderness and marked partiality, which could not suffer her to mistake the flattering motive from which they arose.

The packet-boat reached the bay late in the evening; the stranger lent his arm to Louisa to escort her to the inn where they were to pass the night; supped in the same apartment with them; and, on the following morning, having enquired the route which they were going to pursue, and having been informed that they were going to proceed about twenty miles towards the north of the country, he declared that his own destination lay thither likewise, and he offered himself as their travelling companion. His offer was accepted, and about noon they set out on their journey.

(To be continued.)

ARABIAN RESPECT TO WOMEN.

So great and so sacred is the respect of the Bedouin Arabs for the fair sex, that the presence, the voice even, of a woman, can arrest the uplifted scimeter charged with death, and bid it fall harmless. Whoever has committed a crime, even murder, is safe if a woman takes him under her protection; and the right of pardoning is so completely established in favour of the sex, that, in some tribe where they never appear before men, and in others where they are occupied in tents, if a criminal can escape to their tent, he is saved. The moment he is near enough to be heard, he cries aloud, "I am under the protection of the harem!" At these words all the women reply, without appearing, "Fly from him!" and were he condemned to death by the prince himself, and by the council of the principal persons of his tribe, the punishment of his crime is remitted without hesitation immediately, and he is allowed to go where he pleases.

HISTORICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DRAMA,

WITH

*Anecdotes of its Professors, Ancient and Modern.**(Continued from page 252.)*

DESCENDING from the sublime heights of the Tragic Muse, we find her sister in the more commonly-trod vale of life; but her lessons are more universally understood, and therefore more efficacious. Kings and statesmen, the usual personages of tragedy, form but a small groupe in the vast army of mankind; their numbers are few, and they act in a confined area; at least, to men, in general, they are shut up from sight, and only known abroad by the influence of their actions. But the untitled citizens of the world, breathe openly upon a theatre, which is only circumscribed by the limits of the globe; and of these there are a variety of characters, which spread a subtle contagion even through the atmosphere which environs them.—The antidote must, therefore, be at hand.—Men of ordinary minds are most addicted to crimes of the meaner order; crimes, which rather bear affinity to the name of knave, than villain.—Yet though so softened, they are not the less mischievous; for the infection, creeping from wretch to wretch, gathers fresh poison in every passage, and at last, corrupting the whole mass of civil society, renders its ruin inevitable. To expose this order of people, is the province of Comedy. She smiles at the drawn dagger; and laughs men out of the foibles which degrade, or the vices which disgrace, their nature. By holding up certain vices to ridicule, the vanity of the man is wounded: and thus one passion is played against another, to the amelioration of both. In many cases, indeed, we may consider the effects of the drama upon the mind of its spectators, like those of love, on the stupidity of Cimon; and how do we account for it? For example, we see children, while children, in a state of tranquillity, apparently without passions. Yet it is not because those passions are still to be born within them;—they have existence already, but, like Adam before he beheld Eve, they still lie asleep in the garden; they are not yet awakened to the beauties of paradise, to the temptation of the forbidden fruit.—Arouse them, and who shall lay them to rest? In the

same way, many a slumbering virtue may lie dormant in a man's breast, until a favourable juncture may break its lethargy.—For instance, take him to the theatre; where all the various ills of life, its virtues, its energies, are reflected by Shakespeare, as in a focus; and if he have an answering virtue, there its sleep must end; it is called by sympathy, and must arise.—How do we glow with *Hotspur*? how shudder at the wrong-directed confidence of *Othello*? How often do we behold the hard and churlish husband, weep over the grief of *Isabella*? the severe father, often, at the tender duty of the heroic *Euphrasia*? *Jane Shore* has extorted a sigh of contrition from many a frail bosom. And how frequently have we witnessed the gambler move uneasy on his seat, at the representation of the *Gamester*!—Repeat the impression, and it must leave some beneficial traces on the soul. Incessant dropping of water will penetrate the hardest stone. Nay, ask common feeling:—Is it likely, that on the same night in which the conscience was so awakened, the gambler would immediately return to his dice-box? and if he should, could he lift it without a thrill of compunction?—Is it not notorious, that on those evenings when *George Barnwell* is acted, the unhappy creatures, called women of the town, are very thinly scattered through the theatre?—But we are told by some moralists, that “the stage, instead of being this school of reform, is the very academy for the inculcation of all vice and folly; and lost are they who venture to drink of its deleterious cup!”—Let us allow that no institution of man is perfect.—And this is true, as that woe and death became the punishment of his fall. But why is the drama to be reproached, because she alone did not escape the universal poison?—Nay, let us be candid, and look around us, on every work of human nature, which offers us either instruction or amusement? Sculpture and painting, in the hands of profligacy, have been prostituted to the very worst purposes; poetry has been similarly debased; music degraded to obscenity; and philosophy, that sublime spirit, which, when led by the hand of Newton, marched the eternal round of space, and drew up the mysterious curtain which had so long obscured the universe—she, who, impelled by the immortal Locke, sought, through the infinite world of mind, the incomprehensible capabilities of the soul, till they conducted her from the ethereal essence

of man up to the everlasting beatitude of God! this fair daughter of Heaven has, it is to be lamented, often been averted from the foot of that eternal throne where she sat adoring; and, under the influence of those demoniac spirits, which have engloomed creation in the breasts of such rebels to their maker as Voltaire, and others, like unto him, has been led to drug her cup too, with the aconite of destruction.—What then, when so wide has been the perversion,—when we thus see the seeds of corruptibility in all human efforts of genius, where is the seasonableness in expecting infallibility from the stage?—But whatever may have been its mischiefs in former times, when the profligacy of the court and city of Charles the 2d.'s days, were re-enacted on the scenic boards, they are disappearing fast, with other remains of former ignorance; for ignorance is alike the parent and the shelter of vice.

But what I have advanced in justice to the drama, at least as far as taste and delicacy go, may not so largely be used in favour of the Italian opera.—In point of literature, those performances are generally puerile; but even when otherwise, should the beautiful and chaste compositions of Metastasio be represented, the moral consequence is too frequently lost. The origin of what we call opera, may be dated from a sort of singing, dancing, and extravagant jumble of the usual decorations attendant on the Greek and Roman stage, united to the wild music, and incongruous pageantries which used to adorn the feasts of the Moors of Spain, and their subsequent conquerors of the old Spanish dynasty.—These princes carried the taste to Naples, and there the opera arose.—From its very fabric, it is preposterous. Singing, in every represented situation, and under every passion, is manifestly unnatural; and what is unnatural, can never properly affect.—Who can seriously be interested about two lovers, for instance, who, when they are pursued, and ought to keep silence for fear of discovery, or haste to depart, begin a duet; and, in defiance of common sense, wait coolly to finish it. It would be trifling to mention any more of these dramatic outrages.—Their toleration, and much more, their being admired, has ever been the prognostic of a depraved taste, and, in consequence, a degradation in morals.—Pantomime, that legible offspring of the vagrant *Mimes* of Rome, is too contemptible for elaborate censure; though, indeed, it often tres-

passes too far on the rules of decorum, as well as of common sense.—The actor, and the dramatic writer, should alike unite to banish these wretched interlopers from their dominion; and the result must be honour to the one, and distinction to the other.—Times past, of ancient and modern days, hold up their standard to this laudable ambition.—Cornelius Nepos tells us, that in Greece, poets, orators, and crowned heads, have not disdained first to write for the stage, and then to appear on it. We know that Thespis and Eschylus charmed every audience by acting in their own plays. Though the Romans, being a graver people, were more reserved in these respects, we learn from Tacitus and Juvenal, that, during the republic, from the condition of slaves good actors have been enabled to purchase their freedom, and, by their upright character, to win the friendship of the noblest citizens. Under the Emperors, players rose to many offices of profit and distinction; and several stood high in the confidence of the princes. We have the well-remembered names of these dramatic worthies, *Æsopus*, *Polus*, *Roscius*, &c.—*Roscius*, indeed, was educated at Rome, under the auspices of the highest patricians, and his merits hailed by them as exemplars of accomplishment and grace, to all the young nobility of the commonwealth.—His professional acting filled all hearts, satisfied every taste; and dwelt on their memories, as a standard of excellence by which they measured the magnitude of all other merit, however foreign from his own. Cicero, who was the intimate friend of this great man, bears this testimony:—"Jamdiu consecutus est, ut in quo quisque artificum excelleret, in suo genere *Roscius* diceretur." Indeed, such was the wonderful sway this Garrick of Rome held over the mind, by his attitudes, and power of countenance, he could pourtray every passion with so much truth and force, that Tully's ambition sometimes opposed his oratorical powers against the mute persuasion of the actor:—"Et certe satis constat contendere cum cum *Histrione* solitum, utrum ille sæpius eandem sententiam variis gestibus effingeret, an ipse per eloquentiæ copiam sermone diverso pronunciasset." Might not Edmund Burke have said the same of Garrick, or the late Lord Erskine of John Kemble? *Roscius* taught to the feelings of the orator, that there was an eloquence in silence, more powerful than any words; and this admirable

actor had the glory, and the happiness, of raising those grateful emotions in the hearts of his countrymen, which finally recalled Cicero from his long and wretched exile.—He described, on the stage, the distress of the banished Telamon, with such a pathos and moving sorrow, that the tears of the audience followed his steps, and soon crowned the pleadings of his affection and genius with the return of his friend. But we have names of merit, deserving the highest honours of the heart, nearer home.—Burbage, the companion of Shakespeare; Shakespeare, the friend and councillor of princes; and Lowin, the pupil of that immortal bard; Massinger, the associate of his heart and genius; and Allen, the “gentle friend” of Ben Jonson, was not only one of the most eminent actors of his time, but a man universally honoured. Indeed, he has left behind him a notable monument of his worth, in the history of that college, now standing at Dulwich; and which he erected, and endowed, for the subsistence of certain superannuated of his profession.—So much for a few of the bright lights of the stage, which illuminated the sixteenth century.—Perhaps to enumerate the various members of the theatre, who adorned it, by talent and character, in the following age, and in the reign of Anne, particularly, would be too prolix.—We have the testimony of the refined and moral poet, Pope, declaring how “dear” many of them were to himself, and to the first men of the realm; in the same page, we read of Somers, Addison, and Steele, of Wilks, Betterton, and Booth. But close on our own day, we have even a brighter list, and Garrick heads it: he was the leader of a just taste, as well as the maintainer of a pure moral;—for

Shakespeare was dumb, till Garrick gave him voice,
And then the world, admiring, called the Bard divine!

The writer of this little tribute to the Drama, has seen one who knew and loved that great and amiable actor; and even now I recal the picture he drew to me, of the enchanting hours he past on the banks of the Thames, with “the high-priest of nature, and of Shakespeare,” [as my late friend used to style David Garrick.—May I, lovers of the drama, and its legitimate sons, be excused in repeating one or two of these cherished dreams of the past.

(To be continued.)

D.

JUNE.

6th. WHIT-SUNDAY.—On Whit-Sunday, or *White-Sunday*, the *catechumens*, who were then baptised, as well as those who had been baptised before at Easter, appeared, in the ancient church, in *white garments*.

7th. WHIT-MONDAY.—This day and Whit-Tuesday are observed as festivals, for the same reason as Monday and Tuesday in Easter. Their religious character, however, is almost obsolete; and they are now kept as holidays, in which the lower classes still pursue their various diversions.

18th. Anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo.—Lord Wellington is the only survivor of the Commanding Officers engaged in this memorable battle.—Schwartzenberg, Blucher, and Napoleon, having all closed their earthly careers of glory.

24th. MIDSUMMER-DAY.—The morning of Midsummer-day is still regarded, in many parts of Europe, in something like the same light with our own Allhallow's-Eve, the Scottish observations and superstitions connected with which have been so beautifully treated by Burns in his *Halloween*. In some parts of Spain the young maidens go forth in the morning to gather flowers, singing a beautiful ancient ballad, or invitation to their companions to join them in their annual ceremonies. According to a provincial custom in *Lower Saxony*, every young girl plucks a sprig of St. John's wort on Midsummer-night, and sticks it into the wall of her chamber.—Should it, owing to the dampness of the wall, retain its freshness and verdure, she may reckon upon gaining a suitor in the course of the year; but, if it droop, the popular belief is, that she also is destined to pine and wither away.

29th. SAINT PETER.—Among the most brilliant spectacles ever witnessed in modern times, may be placed the splendid *illumination of St. Peter's Church*, and the magnificent *girandola*, or fire-works, from the castle of St. Angelo at Rome, annually exhibited on this day; the latter bear no resemblance to the squibs and crackers denominated fireworks in England; and throw at an immeasurable distance all our attempts at pyrotechny on the occasion of the last peace, or the late ceremonial of the coronation; as well as those of our neighbours the French, at their much vaunted *Fête of Saint Louis*.

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REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS. A Series of Sketches from Life. 1824. 12mo. 3 vols.

If report says true, as we believe, in the present case, it does, there are few persons living who know better how to pourtray the foibles and follies of others, "to catch the flying Cynthia of the minute," than the writer of these volumes. They are currently attributed to Mr. Theodore Hook, a gentleman well known in the literary world, and not less famous, as the object of a state prosecution, and the public defaulter of unaccounted thousands. He is now paying the penalty of his sins against Government. But we are not going to review his character, his deeds, or his misdeeds; that has been better done by a more competent tribunal than ours, and we only allude to them, as they may serve to account for some of the satirical touches to be found in this work, which is the more immediate and legitimate object of our critical animadversion.

We have in these pages four "Sketches from Life," intitled *Danvers, the Friend of the Family, Merton, and Martha the Gipsy*: of which the third is the longest, and the last a brief tale of a few pages only.

The first tale relates to the history of a gentleman, who, from the possession of a moderate income, is suddenly raised to great wealth, by the death of a relation of his wife, whose name of *Danvers*, he assumes. He then buys estates, gets into Parliament, runs the usual round of fashionable extravagance, dissipates his fortune, and is again reduced to a competency and a cottage, which he has learnt to prefer to the gilded misery of high life.

Our first extract shall be a description of a dinner-party, at the Duke of Alverstoke's, in the early part of Mr. Burton Danver's career.—

"Not a soul, except the apothecary of the neighbouring town, was there; the dinner was served up magnificently at seven o'clock; it lasted till twenty minutes after eight; the champagne needed nothing colder to chill it than the company; the daughters spoke only to their brothers, the bro-

thers only to their parents. Burton was placed on the right of the Duchess, Kilman the apothecary, on her left: the whole of her Grace's conversation was directed to the latter, and turned upon the nature of infection, in a dissertation on the relative dangers of typhus and scarlet fever, which was concluded by an assurance on the part of her Grace, that she would endeavour to prevail upon Doctor Somebody, from London, to come down and settle in the neighbourhood—a piece of information which was received by her medical hearer with as much composure as a man could muster, while listening to intelligence likely to overturn his practice and ruin his family.

“The Duke drank wine with Mrs. Burton, and condescended to enquire after her little one; his Grace then entered into a lengthened dissertation with his second son, upon the mode of proceeding he intended to adopt in visiting Oxford the next morning: and concluded the dialogue by an elaborate panegyric upon his own character, that of his children, his horses, his wines, and his servants.

“After a brief sitting, the ladies retired, and coffee being shortly brought to the dinner-table, the gentlemen proceeded to the drawing-room, which they found occupied only by her Grace and Mrs. Burton: the Lady Elizabeth having retired with a head-ache, and the Lady Jane having accompanied her as nurse.

“About this period, a small French clock on the chimney-piece struck ten: never were sounds so silvery sweet on mortal ear as those to Mrs. Burton. Her misery had been complete; for, in addition to the simple horror of a *tete-a-tete* with the Duchess—a thing itself sufficient to have frozen a salamander, her Grace had selected as a subject for conversation the science of craniology, the name of which, thanks to her unsophistication, had never reached Mary's ears; and the puzzle she was in to make out what it was, to what body it referred, to what part of a body, or what the organs were, to which her Grace kept perpetually alluding, may better be conceived than imagined. The Duchess voted Mary a simpleton; Mary set her Grace down for a bore; and Mary, with all her simplicity, was the nearer the mark of the two.”

When Danvers succeeds to his uncle's estate, the scene changes; and the effect is thus ludicrously described:—

"Four days had scarcely elapsed after his return, before he received innumerable letters from persons with whom, for years, he had had no intercourse, congratulating him upon his wonderful good fortune; and in less than a week he accumulated two maternal uncles, one aunt, a half-mother-in-law, and upwards of fourteen cousins in Scotland alone; he was elected a member of three learned societies, and received a communication from an university which shall be nameless, to know whether the honorary degree of D. C. L. would be agreeable to him.

"Various post-chaises, replete with fashionable upholsterers, milliners, dress-makers, booksellers, and wine-merchants, thronged the sweep before Sandown-cottage; nine capital estates were offered to him for sale; and thirty-one persons, whose names he had never heard, appealed to his well-known charitable disposition to relieve their wants in various degrees, from the loan of twenty pounds up to the general discharge of the embarrassments of a reverend gentleman with thirteen children.

"His little, heretofore quiet, library, was crowded with country gentlemen and directors of charitable institutions; those who had sons in the army, solicited him to get companies for their boys; others, who had chosen the navy, entreated him to get ships for their lads; nay, one man, and he no fool, high at the Bar, going the summer circuit, requested Burton's influence to lift him to the Bench."

With the following quotation we must close our notice of these amusing volumes.

"There is no object in all the study of humanity more striking, more awfully instructive, than a faded Dowager of fashion! Far be it from me to class under this sweeping denomination the many excellent mothers, the admirable women, who so brightly adorn their sex and the peerage of our country. The thing I mean is one who, weak in intellect, but strong in vanity, has had the misfortune to be born so beautiful as to believe her mind a secondary object, hardly worth the cultivating,—whose peach-bloom cheeks, whose coral lips, and flowing hair, whose graceful form and sylph-like figure, have caught the heart—if heart he have—of some man, her equal in rank, in fortune, and in intellect,—who, as the careless wife, sparkled and dazzled, and who, after a married life of thirty

years, finds herself the widowed mother of a race of girls, her very counterparts in mind and person, in trickings and manœuvrings for whom she has had just sufficient cunning to succeed.

"They in their turn marry, and she is left at sixty to her own resources. Where are they? Her ideas of comfort centre not in home; and if they did, what home has she? Her daughters are mixing in the world, which she should make a resolution to leave. Society means, with her, an assembly of hundreds; her acquaintances are numerous, her friends scant; her view of religion is having a well-curtained, well-cushioned, well-carpeted pew, in a fashionable chapel; her notions of charity are comprised in an annual donation or two to a lying-in-hospital, or a female penitentiary: but without a crowd she dies; and thus, to exist, she risks her life, night after night, by the disreputable exposure of her aged person, bedizened with the ornaments which graced her figure in its youth; and after feverishly enduring the loudly-whispered satire, and the ill-concealed laughter of the next generation, who stand round about her, she sinks into her crimson velvet coffin, without creating a sensation, except perhaps in the breast of her next heir, who, by her departure from *this* world for one of which she has never thought, is relieved from the painful necessity of paying her Ladyship a jointure.

"Of this wretched class, Mary had a favourable opportunity of seeing a pretty sprinkling of specimen; and her astonishment at the sight was mingled with a suspicion of the correctness of her own conduct. She, for the first time, saw age without respecting it, and felt a disposition to smile at infirmities which reason and religion had, till that moment, taught her to soothe and commiserate."

LETTERS TO YOUNG LADIES on their Entrance into the World: to which are added, Sketches from Real Life. By Mrs. Lanfear, Author of "*Fatal Errors*," &c. 1824. 12mo. pp. 254.

THIS little volume contains many important counsels to youthful females, relating to points of high importance. The chief subjects of these letters are the improvement of the mind, the duties of domestic life, wedlock, celibacy, maternal affection, and education. These topics, together with

some others, are treated in a plain, but sensible, manner. Subjoined to the didactic portion of this work, we have a Series of "Sketches," designed to exemplify and illustrate the maxims previously brought forward. As narratives of *real life*, these stories may be supposed to be more impressive than mere fictions could have been: but we are inclined to think that the latter would have possessed some advantages, and have been, on the whole, better adapted to the purpose of the author.

BEST INTENTIONS; or, Reflections and Thoughts for Youth, Maturity, and Age. 1824. 12mo. pp. 240.

As this work consists of a collection of detached maxims, or observations, moral and religious, we cannot do better than present our readers with a specimen; which may serve to afford some idea of the author's style and sentiments.

"*Loss of Temper.*—If, under any circumstances, a man loses the command of his temper, he weakens his power of bringing the mind of his opponent to a sense of conviction that he has committed error; and also loses the ability of so conducting himself towards him in the manner that he ought, that, in all probability, he will commit some act himself perhaps equally reprehensible, and solely occasioned by his loss of temper."

"*The good of Employment.*—Man, since the fall of Adam, has been doomed to labour, and, in fact, without employment, we should be very miserable. The young, more especially, ought to be active and industrious, that they may lay in a store of good works, both for their bodily support and mental reflexion, against the time when old age may overtake them; or if not old age, perhaps adversity.—With God for our helper, there is no hill so steep, it cannot be climbed; with his aid we can do all things—without him, nothing."

"*Ornamental Acquirements.*—All the accomplishments of this gay scene are trifling and idle, when they form the business of life; but when they are merely interspersed to relieve its cares and enliven the mind, to give vigour to those motives and springs of action, which enable it to perform its duties with greater energy and effect, then they become valuable, as they tend to meliorate those evils to which human life is subject.—I speak of these which in themselves are innocent: those

which are guilty and reprehensible, are good no where, and at no time."

These examples will probably tend to impress most persons with a more favourable idea of the intentions than of the talents of the author; we must, therefore, in justice to him, state that, in his preface, he modestly apologizes for the literary defects of his treatise, resting his claims to notice on the importance of the sentiments which it enforces. We shall only add, that the volume is embellished with a neat frontispiece, designed by H. Corbould, and engraved by S. Freeman.

Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.

LITERARY FUND.—The Anniversary Meeting of the Literary Fund Society was held on the 12th inst. at the Freemason's Tavern. It was well attended, and from the Reports, the Society's finances are in a flourishing state.

Betsoni.—A Portrait of this famous antiquarian traveller is about to be published. The exhibition of the Egyptian Tomb by his wife, (now his widow,) is said not to have succeeded so well at Paris as in London.

Russian Travellers.—Baron Wrangel and his companions, sent to explore the Asiatic Polar regions, were expected to return to St. Petersburg last month; after having passed four years in the frozen deserts of Siberia. Interesting discoveries are expected from their researches.

Exhibitions of Paintings.—The Collections of Pictures at Somerset house, and at the rival establishment of the Society of British Artists, in Suffolk-street, contain many productions which do credit to the skill and talent of our national artists. There are at the former some fine pieces by Messrs. Stothard, Shee, and T. Phillips; and at the latter, a noble production of Mr. Martin's pencil, representing the *Seventh Plague of Egypt*.

T. E. Bowditch.—A subscription is raising for the widow of this gentleman, who recently fell a sacrifice to the task of exploring the interior of Africa.

Lord Byron.—It was very generally known that this eccentric but highly-gifted nobleman had presented to his friend, Mr. Thomas Moore, *Memoirs* of his own *Life and Times*, to be published after his decease. Since the arrival of the news of Lord Byron's death, some feelings of delicacy towards the connections of the noble author have induced Mr. Moore to repurchase the MS. from Mr. Murray the bookseller, (to whom it had been pledged for £2000,) and commit it to the flames.

Tales of a Traveller, by Mr. Washington Irving, are preparing for publication.

Roman Antiquities.—A piece of sculpture, coins, and other antiquities, have been dug up at Wotton, near Gloucester.

Pompeii.—Recent excavations are said to have brought to light some interesting curiosities at this place.

No. XI.

Though all may forget thee.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.

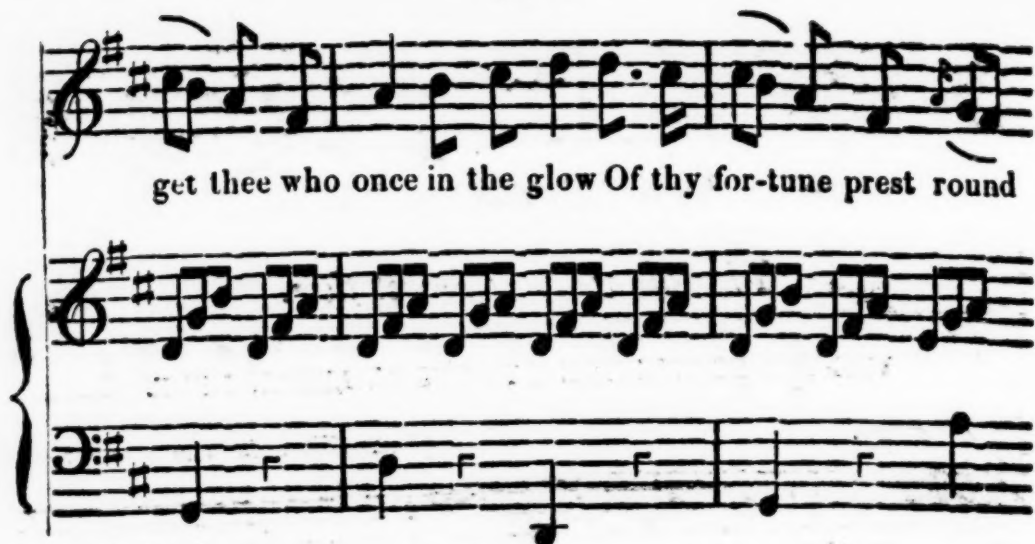
Allegretto.

[AIR—When he who adores thee.



THOUGH all may for-





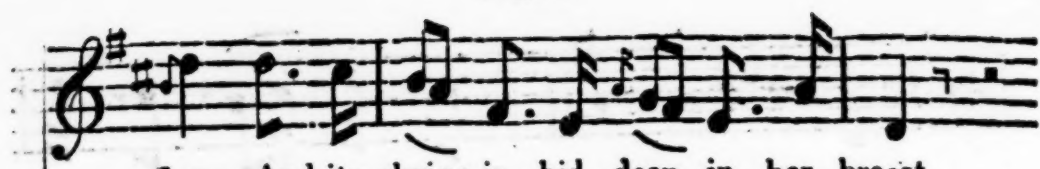
get thee who once in the glow Of thy for-tune prest round

The first system of the musical score. It consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, G5, A5, B5, C6, D6, E6, F#6, G6, A6, B6, C7, D7, E7, F#7, G7, A7, B7, C8, D8, E8, F#8, G8, A8, B8, C9, D9, E9, F#9, G9, A9, B9, C10, D10, E10, F#10, G10, A10, B10, C11, D11, E11, F#11, G11, A11, B11, C12, D12, E12, F#12, G12, A12, B12, C13, D13, E13, F#13, G13, A13, B13, C14, D14, E14, F#14, G14, A14, B14, C15, D15, E15, F#15, G15, A15, B15, C16, D16, E16, F#16, G16, A16, B16, C17, D17, E17, F#17, G17, A17, B17, C18, D18, E18, F#18, G18, A18, B18, C19, D19, E19, F#19, G19, A19, B19, C20, D20, E20, F#20, G20, A20, B20, C21, D21, E21, F#21, G21, A21, B21, C22, D22, E22, F#22, G22, A22, B22, C23, D23, E23, F#23, G23, A23, B23, C24, D24, E24, F#24, G24, A24, B24, C25, D25, E25, F#25, G25, A25, B25, C26, D26, E26, F#26, G26, A26, B26, C27, D27, E27, F#27, G27, A27, B27, C28, D28, E28, F#28, G28, A28, B28, C29, D29, E29, F#29, G29, A29, B29, C30, D30, E30, F#30, G30, A30, B30, C31, D31, E31, F#31, 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night There is one who but shar'd in thy

sor - rows a - lone, Who saw not the grave of thy

rest; But who sa - cred-ly ho-nors the spi - rit that's



flown, And its shrine is hid deep in her breast.



She remembers thy sighs as they breath'd on her ear,

In the accents of sorrow and pain ;

And feels that thy suff'rings have made thee more dear

Than any will e'er be again.

She would have thee once more with the waste of thy woe,

With feelings of fondness and pride,

But since that is a thought she must ever forego,

She would joy to lay down by thy side.

Then though all may forget thee, who once in the glow

Of thy fortune press'd round with delight ;

Though the grave is forgot where they saw thee laid low,

And bade thee for ever good night,

That one who for thee could resign ev'ry dream,

That from youth and ambition arise,

Will still think on thee here, as her life's dearest beam,

And her beacon of worlds in the skies.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,
FOR MAY, 1824.

The attention of the fashionable world has been almost exclusively occupied this month, by the Drawing-room, which, after repeated postponements, was held at St. James's Palace, on Thursday the 20th, for the first time during the reign of his present Majesty. A most splendid suite of rooms has been fitted up for the occasion. The weather was fine, and a vast concourse of people assembled in the streets and avenues, to witness the arrival of the company. Nothing could exceed the taste, elegance, and brilliancy of the dresses, and the magnificence of the equipages, exhibited at this court festivity. Among the company present were the Duke of York, the Duke and Dutchess of Clarence, the Princess Augusta, the Princess Sophia of Gloucester, the Dutchess of Kent, many of the Cabinet Ministers, the great Officers of State, and several foreign Ambassadors. The King enjoyed a favourable state of health; but appeared to be fatigued towards the close of his attendance.

He entered the Drawing-room about half past two o'clock, and continued to receive the presentations and compliments of the company, with his usual affability and condescension, till a quarter before five, when he retired.

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.—The House of Lords met on the 4th inst. when a bill to repeal all acts relating to the Silk Trade, was presented by Lord Lauderdale, and eventually passed the upper House by a majority of three.

The bill introduced by the Marquis of Lansdown, to enable Unitarians to marry at their own chapels, was thrown out, on a motion for going into a Committee.

In the House of Commons the Tythe-Composition bill was read a second time, on the 3rd inst., and after some observations from Mr. Grattan, ordered to be committed.—The 4th. Petitions for a repeal of the Assessed Taxes, &c. were presented:—Mr. W. L. Maberly spoke on the state of the Irish poor, previous to a motion for an address to his Majesty, recommending the advance of a million for the

relief of the provinces of Munster and Connaught. The motion was opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Canning, and Mr. Peel, and lost. On the 5th, Mr. Hume presented a Petition from Mr. Cobbett, relating to the Kensington Turnpike Trust; and Sir T. Lethbridge one against Tread Mills.—On the 6th, Mr. J. Smith brought forward a Petition for the incorporation of a Company, whose object was the cultivation of waste lands in New South Wales.—Mr. Canning laid before the House an account of the French naval force at Rio Janeiro.—Mr. Hume made a motion, which was negatived, for abridging the revenues of the Irish Church Establishment.—On the 10th, a bill relative to the repair of Derry Cathedral was thrown out, on the second reading. The bill for the incorporation of the West-India Company was read a second time, and ordered for committal.—Some amendments were made in the County Courts' bill.—The 11th, Petitions were presented for the enlargement of J. Swan, a state prisoner in Chester Jail; and of J. M'Casker, a prisoner in Ireland.—Lord Althorpe made a motion for a Committee to inquire into the state of Ireland, but it was negatived by a majority of 48.—The 13th, Petitions were presented against the London Beer bill.—A motion relative to the Sugar Trade by Mr. Whitmore, and one for the continuance of the Salt Duties by Mr. Wodehouse, as well as one by Mr. R. Martin to increase the salaries of the great officers of state, were all lost; the first being negatived without a division, the second withdrawn, and the third dropped because no one was found to second it.—The 17th, Mr. Sheriff Whittaker presented, at the Bar of the House, a Petition from the Corporation of London, for Reform in Parliament.—A Petition against the Beer bill was presented from Durham.—The bill on mercantile law went through the Committee.—The County Courts' bill, the Tythe Composition bill, and Bread Assize bill, were ordered for third readings.—Mr. F. Buxton brought in a bill relative to the law of Insurance.—Mr. Calcraft made a motion, which failed, to repeal the duty on leather.—The Consolidated Fund bill, and one relative to Hull Docks, were passed; and others of various importance put in train for the same purpose.

FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.—An account has been received

from the Western Coast of Africa of the total defeat of a British force, under the command of Sir Charles M'Carthy, Governor of Sierra Leone, by the Ashantee Negroes. Sir Charles was unfortunately taken captive; and afterwards sent up into the interior of the country. Belzoni, the enterprising African traveller, died of a dysentery at Bemini, December 3rd last.—A barbarous murder was committed at Valparaiso in South America, in January last; Mr. Batman, a Yorkshire gentleman, being killed in his own house, by three wretches, who have been since taken and executed.—A report has recently arrived from Malta, that the Algerine pirates have made submission; and, consequently, that the war with Algiers is concluded.—Lady Amherst, wife of the Governor General of India, was thrown from her horse, while riding, near Calcutta, in December. She was severely bruised, but is since happily recovered.—The Ex-Empress of France is making the tour of Italy, incognito, as Dutchess of Colono.

Among the public transactions of the month, which fall to our lot to record, we have to notice the unexpected death of George Gordon, Lord Noel Byron, who died at Missolonghi, on the 19th, after an illness of ten days. On the 9th, his lordship exposed himself in a violent rain; the consequence of which confined him to his bed. In this part of his indisposition it became necessary for his lordship to be bled; unfortunately, for Greece, no one was near who was sufficiently aware of the necessity; an inflammatory action commenced, and being unchecked, terminated fatally, on the 19th, at about eleven o'clock in the evening. His last words, before delirium seized his once powerful mind, were, "I wish it to be known, that my last thoughts were given to *my wife, my child, and my sister.*"

So much was his Lordship's death deplored by the authorities of Greece, whose cause he had so strenuously espoused, that a Proclamation was immediately issued, suspending the festivities of Easter, and closing all public offices, public shops, places of amusement, and the Courts of Justice, for three days, and directing a general mourning for twenty-one days.

DOMESTIC TRANSACTIONS.—A Roman Catholic Priest has been imprisoned at Newry, for marrying a Catholic and a

Protestant about six months ago.—Mrs. Eliza Louisa Eady was charged at Bow-street, with defrauding a gentleman of £25, but under such peculiar circumstances that the charge was dismissed; but she was subsequently held to bail for conspiring to cheat a broker.

It is said that buildings are about to be erected around Holland House, Kensington.—A fete was lately given on board the Discovery Ships, at Deptford, by Captain Parry, previous to their sailing, which took place on the 8th inst. in the presence of a great concourse of spectators.—Six men were blown up, one of whom was killed, by the bursting of a steam-engine, at Patricroft, in Lancashire.—Messrs. Sadler and Platt ascended in a balloon from the Gas-works near Rochdale, and descended again after an aerial voyage of seven hours.—Mary Wilkins, the wife of a carman at Bermondsey, was found drowned in the Surrey Canal; and two men, with whom she had lately associated, have been detained, on suspicion of having caused her death.—The disputes between the Marquis of Londonderry and Mr. Battier, relative to the expulsion of the latter from the 10th Hussars, have led to a duel, which ended without bloodshed, but has not terminated the quarrel. Colonel Western, Mr. Battier's second, is since dead.—Another shopman of Carlile's has been committed to prison, for selling Paine's Works.—The Society for improving the Condition of the Irish Peasantry, met on the 15th, and, from the report laid before the members, it appears that their funds amount to more than £11,000.—A public-house keeper at Brompton was taken to Bow-street, charged with illegally arresting a young lady at Queen's Elms, for a debt due by a person who had lodged with her mother. The man and the officers he employed were held to bail, to answer for the assault.—The sugar-houses of Alderman Lucas, in Osborn-street, Whitechapel, were burnt down, on the 6th inst.—A boy, 10 years old, was driven over and killed by the Portsmouth Coach, at Kennington Cross.—A fracas lately happened at Westminster Hall, between Mr. Ex-Sheriff Parkins and Mr. Jervis, jun. the Barrister.—On the 12th inst., six Officers of the Guards won a rowing match, from Oxford to London, in sixteen hours, for 100 guineas.—The maid-servant of Mr. Ware, of Skinner-

street, has been committed to prison, for attempting to set her master's house on fire.—The Lord Mayor laid an information at Bow-street, against a carman for stopping up the passage along the Strand; being determined, as he patriotically stated, to clear from obstructions the streets of the suburbs, as well as those of the city.—The King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands are at present in London.

ASCENT OF MR. HARRIS, THE AERONAUT, AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—On the 25th, this gentleman, accompanied by a Miss Stokes, ascended in a balloon from the Eagle, City-road, at a little after four o'clock. This ascent was made in the finest style we ever witnessed. The balloon took a southerly direction, and, after swimming through the liquid air to some considerable height above the clouds, it is supposed, Mr. Harris permitted the gas to escape rather too rapidly, and the balloon in consequence descended so fast, that it produced a languid sensation, or stupor, on Mr. H. which totally prevented his further management of the vessel; and Miss Stokes, being entirely ignorant of the apparatus, and insensible through terror, the balloon fell, near Croydon, and Mr. H. was killed on the spot, and Miss S. so severely bruised, as to be taken up insensible; and the last accounts state her not to be out of danger. The body of Mr. H. lies at the Plough, about a mile and a half from Croydon, and has been visited by the widow of the unfortunate Aeronaut.

THE DRAMA.

THE KING'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

THE lovers of music had an opportunity of witnessing the vocal performance of Madame Catalani, at play-house prices, on the 17th inst., when Rossini's Opera, intitled *Il Turco in Italia*, was acted, for the benefit of that veteran servant of the public, Michael Kelly. The comic play of Simpson & Co., (by permission of Mr. Elliston,) and the grand Ballet of Ossian's Dream, were afterwards exhibited to a crowded Theatre.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

THE newspapers announced that Mr. Kean and Mr. Macready would have the honour of appearing together in *Venice Preserved*, on the 14th inst. But the expectations of those who looked for this theatrical treat were disappointed. On the preceding Monday, Mr. Kean was to have acted *Richard the Third*. Instead, however, of coming to town for that purpose, he sent, a few days before, a letter to the stage manager, from his Professional Secretary, stating that "incipient symptoms" of indisposition would prevent him from performing. We are happy, however, to learn that, on the evening of the day on which the Professional Secretary forwarded his letter, Mr. Kean was well enough to appear in the character of *Richard the Third*, at the opening of the Derby Theatre; and, on the following evening he performed *Sir Giles Overreach*.—In consequence of Mr. Kean's absence, on the 10th, Mr. Macready kindly undertook the part of *Richard*, at Drury Lane. And though the arrangements for his performance were only made at a very late hour, he acquitted himself very successfully, and left the audience little cause to regret the absence of his rival.

On the last day of the present month, Mr. Munden, whose powers as a comic actor have, for a long series of years, delighted the public, will bid adieu to the Stage.—Madam Vestris also announces her benefit on the 28th, as the last night of her performance at this theatre. Nor is this the only loss the Drury-lane Company will sustain.—Kean is going abroad; Macready talks of changing his profession; Braham and Wallack are gone; Harley declines renewing his engagement; and Dowton is not expected to stay here.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Shakspeare's historical play of *Henry the Fourth*, has been repeatedly performed here, with new scenery and an attention to the costume of the age in which the scene is laid, which has given a very imposing effect to the spectacle; and, aided by the excellent acting of Young in *Hotspur*, and Charles Kemble in *Falstaff*, rendered the whole a high treat to the admirers of our national drama.

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—
WALKING-DRESS.

A SILK-PELISSE, composed of a bright *flamme de ponche colour*; the sleeves are long and narrow, with a full top, ornamented with a thick satin *rouleau* across, and finished at the wrist by small satin leaves, at the extremity of which is a narrow satin puffing. The bottom of the skirt is finished by a plain hem, surmounted by a new and elegant trimming, composed of satin puffing in the form of diamonds, with a large *rouleau* confined in the centre of each diamond by a small strap, above which are placed large satin leaves. The corsage is trimmed with satin leaves to correspond, and confined round the waist by a broad belt: A large collar, of Urling's lace, falls over to the shoulders. With this elegant pelisse is worn a white sarsnet bonnet, completed round the edge by a sarsnet puffing, trimmed with a striped gauze, and surmounted by two long white feathers: this bonnet is lined with pink, and fastens under the chin with a full bow of the same. Gloves and shoes to correspond.

BALL DRESS.

A DRESS composed of white lace over white satin: the body is low, and trimmed round the edge with broad Urling's lace, falling over; also a narrower lace to stand up, with a satin *rouleau* between: the front is ornamented by a satin puffing in the form of a stomacher, surmounted by a small vandyke trimming composed of satin—The sleeves are of lace, very full, and confined to the arm by a satin *rouleau*; they are ornamented by full folds of white satin, between which the lace appears very full. The skirt of the dress is richly worked, above which are three folds of satin to correspond with the sleeves, each confined at the bottom by a satin button: there are two rows of this trimming, and between each, there is a handsome worked border.—Head-dress: the hair is arranged on the summit of

the head by a tasteful bow, on each side of which, yellow and white gauze are fancifully placed, the ends falling over the left shoulder, with thick curls over the forehead.

White kid gloves and white satin shoes.

These elegant dresses were invented by Miss PIERPOINT, No. 12, Edward-street, Portman-square.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

THE unusual coldness and humidity of the weather, during the greater part of the last month, have hitherto prevented that display of fashion, which is naturally expected at this gay season. Pelisses of *Gros de Naples*, are now, however, the general favourites; they are chiefly lined with white, and are made extremely plain: the skirt is ornamented by three very narrow flutings, in bias, placed one over the other, down the front: the bust is ornamented with a kind of treillage work, and the tops of the sleeves with rows across, formed of antique rosettes. The collar is broad, pointed at the corners in front, and falls gracefully over the back and shoulders. When the pelisse is of a blue colour, a bonnet of the same material, is generally worn with it.

Large Leghorn bonnets, tied with a handsome coloured ribbon, richly figured, are beginning to be very prevalent: the carriage hats are large, as are also the bonnets. The newest hat is in the opera form, placed very much on one side, and considerably backward on the head; the bonnets are of a very becoming shape, and very fancifully trimmed with puckerings of gauze, ring-straps of fluted satin, &c.; they are of figured *Gros de Naples*, chiefly white, and lined with pink.

Beautiful chintzes, of the most elegant patterns, are now becoming very general among ladies of the first circles; their trimming is rich and novel; the border is ornamented by treble rows of flounces, set on at equal distances; they are plaited down the middle, which gives an entirely new effect to the flounce: the dress is made partially low, and the corsage plain. When the chintz is striped, the stripes are laid in the most beautiful manner across, or slanting over the bust. The tops of the sleeves are full and formed of narrow frills.

Light coloured dresses of *Gros de Naples*, are also much in favour for dinner parties. A beautiful white silk has lately been introduced into the dress circles; it is of a small pattern, most beautifully figured, the flowers of which are closely grouped together: a light trimming of blond, is all that is required for this charming dress; which promises to become a great favourite. Levantine and Chinese crape, are the most fashionable materials for evening dresses; they are trimmed in a variety of ways, agreeably to fancy. Long sleeves are made to fit close to the arm, and short sleeves are worn very full.

Among the newest head-dresses for evening parties, is a rose-coloured turban of gauze, with a superb white plumage; it is made up in full puckerings, and placed very much on one side, which discovers the hair, arranged in a profusion of full curls; on the other side is the plumage, which does not fall lower than the ear; cornets, entirely of Urling's lace, and lined with coloured satin, pink, blue, and lilac, are very general for morning head-dresses; they are tastefully ornamented with bows of gauze riband, striped to correspond with the colour of the lining.

The favourite colours are, Parma violet, etherial lilac, grass-green, pink, and lavender.

We have been much pleased with the following dinner-dress, worn at a first rate party:—It was composed of pale blue sarsnet; the corsage was cut in bias, and made to fit the shape; the front was simply ornamented with four satin bands, forming a stomacher, and a satin band and tucker of fine blond round the bust; the sleeves were short and full; the fullings tastefully arranged in festoons, by four satin buttons, placed at equal distances from each other; a full blown satin rose was placed on the shoulder, a little above the satin band, round the arm, with palm leaves of satin hanging half way down the sleeve: round the waist, was a broad satin band, with a rose, and palm leaves hanging behind; the skirt had a beautiful satin border of roses, surmounted with leaves, arranged in the form of the lotus, and joining by festoons; beneath was a broad satin *rouleau*. With this elegant dress was worn, a dress hat, composed of white *crêpe lisse*; the brim very full, and rather broad, and a little turned up all round; it was tastefully ornamented with a garland of damask roses, and two long white ostrich feathers, placed on the right side.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

Paris is now extremely gay, and the public promenades are crowded with fashionable people.—High dresses, forming a pelisse robe, are much in favour for the carriage: they are of some striking colour, such as pink, and are trimmed down the sides and border with a rich foliage trimming of satin: the *mancherons* are very full, and quartered, somewhat resembling a melon. A falling collar of muslin, with a plaiting of fine lace round the edge, finishes this beautiful dress. Pelisses of Cachemire of a bright colour, are much admired; they have three pelerine capes, braided from top to bottom.

Leghorn hats are now very general; they are of the same shape as the Bolivar hat, and are as large, in the brim behind, as in the front and at the sides; the strings that tie them are placed under the hat; they are trimmed with plaid ribands, and a wreath of Parma, or common field-violets. The hats made of *Gros de Naples*, resemble the Caledonian caps, though they have a brim, standing off very much from the face; these hats are ornamented by *bouquets* of jonquils.

Evening dresses are made of crape or *tulle*, and are ornamented with *rouleaux* of rose-coloured satin, placed in bias across the skirt. Festooned flounces of blond, headed by satin *rouleaux*, are favourite trimmings, or dresses for concerts and evening parties. White muslin dresses are pretty generally worn at the theatres, with the bodies of the dresses drawn; several bracelets are worn over the long sleeves. Ball dresses for young ladies, are generally of white or rose-colour; the bodies are laid in full small plaits, and the waist is confined by a white satin sash, with a *rosette* and long ends; clear muslin *blouses*, with tucks laid across, in bias, as high as the knee, with embroidery between, in a running pattern, are among the favourite dresses of this month.

The head-dress à l' *Indienne* is much in favour with young ladies; the hair is arranged in very full curls, and flowers made of feathers are disposed in the most tasteful manner.

The most fashionable colours are celestial blue, grass-green, auricula brown, lilac, and pink.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

LINES

WRITTEN AT GRONGAR HILL.

N. B. Grongar-hill is the name of a picturesque elevation in South Wales, and is famous among tourists, as the theme of Dyer's descriptive poem.

HERE Dyer wrote; the classic spot
Is hallowed, though he heeds it not.
'Though cold in death the Minstrel lies,
His is the fame that never dies.
The flocks, the fields, the lonely van
Far from the busy haunts of man,
Are his, the poet's heritage.
Stranger! art thou a minstrel, sage,
Or moralist? e'en such was he;
Then pause where once he wrote for thee,
The world, and for eternity.

Here are the meads through which he roved,
Here are the tuneful streams he loved;
And onward, onward, still they glide,
Exulting in poetic pride.
And long as they shall glide along,
Long as the thrush shall trill her song,
Long as the breeze, while all is still,
Shall kiss the groves of Grongar hill,
So long the poet's verse shall bloom,
A rainbow, glittering on his tomb.

Oft, too, at mellow even-tide,
Shall beauty pace the mountain side,
And bright eyes brighter grow, when feeling
His influence o'er their senses stealing.
Oft too shall embryo ages come,
To hang their garland on his tomb,
And swell the minstrel's classic fame,
When we are but an empty name,
A bubble glistening o'er the sea,
That bursts into eternity.

The flood of time rolls darkling on,
Wave after wave, 'till all is gone.
The warrior lives his little day,
Then passes, like a dream, away!
The maudlin lover weeps, and sighs,
To steal one glance from beauty's eyes;
Wins to his suit the pretty charm,
Then yields his conquest to the worm.
But verse survives such dull decay;
'Tis fame's eternal holiday
That bids the wearied soul resume
'Mid ages' frest, its summer bloom.

THE VIRGIN'S FESTIVAL.

WHILE pale Cynthia's lamp is gleaming,
Faintly thro' my grated cell;
Pensive music, softly streaming,
Floats along th' enchanted dell,
And with sacred sweetness teeming,
Bids the enraptur'd bosom swell.

Holy maid! to thee the measure,
Fraught with thanks [and joy, we raise;
And with softest, purest pleasure,
Sing our sainted Lady's praise!
Thee, our gracious, brightest treasure,
Holiest Virgin! hear our lays!

Hark! how sweetly up the mountain,
Softest music seems to rise!
Glides along the silv'ry fountain,
Wafts melodious thro' the skies!
Lofty grandeur fills it mounting,
Pensive sweetness while it dies!

Many a voice, with transport thrilling,
Joins the heav'nly sounding lay!
While each heart, with rapture chilling,
Bids the pleasing notes delay.
Every soul, pure fancy filling,
Steals awhile from earth away!

Sure these sounds are not terrestrial;
From yon silvery skies they come,
Fraught with angel notes celestial,
Floating through the radiant dome;
Sainted Mary! 'tis thy festial!
'Tis to thee our accents roam.

Holy Maid! to thee the measure,
Fraught with thanks and joy, we raise,
And with softest, purest pleasure,
Sing our sainted Lady's praise!
Thee, our gracious, brightest treasure,
Holiest Virgin! hear our lays!

ANNETTE TURNER.

STANZAS.

WHY should I mourn, since he is blest,
Or spend my days in useless grief?
To know he lives in peaceful rest,
Should be to me a sweet relief.

What though his heart, with love replete,
To me but treachery has shown,—
Can I forget that once it beat,
Fondly responsive to my own?

What though his faith is seal'd above,
Pledged to other hands than mine,—
Can I forget his vows of love,
Or quickly all those vows resign?

What though oblivion I seek,
And strive to think we ne'er had met,—
The blush that mantles on my cheek,
Tells me, I cannot *quite* forget.

Ah no! it was no idle dream,
The fairy phantom of an hour!
In friendship's guise it first was seen,
And fond affection nurs'd the flow'r.

And little thought I that the hand
Which, link'd in mine, so kindly press'd,
Would e'er another's love demand,
Or seek with others to be blest.

And little thought I that the eyes
Which oft on me have fondly gaz'd,
Another's image e'er would prize,
Or blast the hopes their glances rais'd.

But it is past!—and still I live,
Bereft of all the hopes of years;
Yet *his* the blow—and I forgive;
And bless the hand which caus'd my tears.

Oh may he never know the pains,
That wrong'd affection must endure;
When scarce the breaking heart sustains,
To hide the wounds it cannot cure!

But he is blest! happy, they say,
Beyond the lot to mortals giv'n!
And shall I grieve? no—rather pray
He may enjoy the bliss of Heav'n.—

Yet sure the time must come at last,
When stifled conscience will be heard—
And keen remorse for all the past,
Will strike him, like th' avenging sword.

Oh then, if in my peaceful grave,
My weary head has found repose;
May some kind heart his anguish save,
And pitying friendship soothe his woes.

Tell him, so constant was my love—
So pure—that though on earth we sever,
'Twill be no crime to meet above,
And then to separate—oh! never.

MARY.

LINES ON AN EXILE.

How deep is the woe of the desolate stranger,
Who roams to some far distant country to die;
Who would seek the cold grave, as a refuge from danger,
Could some kindred being receive his last sigh!

But when on no bosom his poor head reposes,
When no gentle pressure shall clasp his cold hand,
He is pillow'd on thorns, while he thinks that the roses
All bloom afar off, in his own native land.

But soon will the last, sad, and painful emotion,
Have ceased, and his sorrows be thought of no more;
It was but the swell of life's dark troubled ocean,
He'll peacefully sleep on a far distant shore.

Though no tears o'er his ashes shall fall to bewail him,
Though he's lower'd to his grave by a foreigner's hand;
Yet, when the loud blast of the trumpet shall hail him,
He'll joyfully wake in his pure, native land!

CHARADE.

By J. M. LACEY.

WHEN ladies or gentlemen want to be gay,
And invite friends to come to their brilliant display,
My *first* gives a name to the party;
For my part, though splendour may shine thro' the scene,
I'm fonder,—yet some folks may fancy me mean—
Of old-fashion'd things,—plain and hearty.

Not alone for my first, invitations are sent,
But day after day, old and young are quite bent,
On asking whole troops to my *second*;
And 'tis doubtful, I fancy, which take most delight,
The old or the young, in this treat of the night,
But at one time the old were so reckon'd.

My *whole* is a lady of heathen extraction,
Who her one-ey'd admirer drove to distraction,
For he kill'd one with two eyes,—lov'd better—
Now, ye readers of ancient mythology, say
Who this lady may be;—for by June's op'ning day,
I expect it explain'd,—to the letter.

Marriages.

At Buckden, the Rev. F. Swan, jun., to Miss Susan Linton.

At St. George's, J. L. W. Napes, esq., to Selina, daughter of Sir Gray Skipwith, bart.

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Major Gen. Smith, to Amelia, Widow of the late John Leopard, esq.

The Rev. Sir Thomas Miller, bart., to Miss Holmes.

The Rev. John Peel, son of Sir Robert Peel, bart., to Miss Swinton.

At St. Mary-le-bonne, Capt. F. J. Davies, of the Grenadier Guards, to Anna, eldest daughter of Lieut. Gen. Dunlop, M. P.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Marquis of Exeter, to Isabella, youngest daughter of W. S. Poyntz, esq., of Cowdray, Sussex.

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, the Rev. A. Fownes Luttrell, to Jane, daughter of Wm. Leader, esq., M. P.

The Rev. H. H. Milman, professor of poetry in the University of Oxford, to Mary, youngest daughter of Lieut. Gen. Cockell.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Sir Francis Vincent, bart., to Miss Hubert, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Hubert.

G. Cambell esq. to Ellen, daughter of Sir F. Barrington, bart.

Deaths.

At her house, Merrion-square, Dublin, Mrs. Brownlow, Widow of the late Right Hon. Wm. Brownlow, and mother of the Countess of Darnley, and the Viscountesses Powerscourt and De Vesci.

At the Palace, the Right Rev. Dr. Buckner, Lord Bishop of Chichester.—The venerable prelate, who had attained his 90th year, had been, for some time, in a declining state of health.

On Friday, May 7th, Sir Fenwick Bulmer, knt.

In Lower Brook street, the Hon. Robert Fulke Greville, uncle to the Earl of Warwick.

At Meriden, the infant daughter of Lord and Lady Lucy Clive.

At the New Hummums, Major Gen. Francis Stewart, of Lesmandie.

Henry Swan, esq. M. P. for Pennryn.

The Rev W. Cooke, Rector of Hempstead, Norfolk.

At Richmond, the Marquis of Lothian.

Mrs. Wyndham, relict of the Right Hon. W. Wyndham.

Aged 93, Francis Maseres, esq., Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer.

Catherine, second daughter of the Hon. M. Perceval, brother of the late Earl of Egmont, and Lord Arden.

At Clifton, Lieut. Col Hall, of the 65th regiment.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The verses "On the death of a tame robin," are inadmissible; as are those signed H. M. C.

The Enigma, and Charade, by G. H. are received, and under consideration.

To various communications received late, our answers are unavoidably postponed to the next month.

We beg to apprise our poetical contributors, that their favours are in request by our readers.

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